

The Costume de Style, Inspired by the Picture Galleries, Is Now the Thing.

Picturesque Gowns Copied from Historic Sources—Old Family Portraits Sought by Designers for Dress Suggestions.

Strikingly Different Is the Silhouette of the New Figure.

JUST about a year or so ago the fashionable dames of Paris—those who lead and make rather than follow the fashions—declared that their exclusive ideas in dress were being copied quite too quickly by the multitude. One among them, cleverer than the rest, suggested that they dress in exact reproduction of their own family portraits, that these would afford styles that could not be copied by the understrapper; and, presto! the costume de style was born.

And directly to this same costume de style can we trace the very wide latitude in modes which this season affords. All of the historical styles are being revived, and the designers have been haunting the national galleries all summer, copying a sleeve here, a collar there, a bodice somewhere else, and combining those varying items in the most delightful way to make the fashions for the modern maid.

Regarding the fashionable figure, the outlines have changed vastly and materially in these last few weeks; this in consonance with the changing modes. The bodices are now being fashioned to be worn outside of the skirt, and even some shirt waists are on view at an importer's where the little basque or peplum is intended, too, to be worn over the skirt.

The Draped Bodice.
However, to return to the dressier styles, the new mode calls for the draped bodice that extends in a very marked and sharp point in front, a style that cannot help but improve the shortest figure, and add grace and slenderness to the wearer. And to increase this very desirable effect the bustline is raised a trifle—not too much, you know; a nice discrimination must be exercised in this—and the line from the armhole to the waist is cleverly made somewhat longer. So the silhouettes of the fashionable folk is widely different from that which they presented last year at this time; and this season by their figure you can tell just what place and what place they maintain in the fashionable procession.

New Colorings.
The voluminous skirts and sleeves and bodices demand the sheer cloths, and some of the new colorings in cloths and crepes are simply fascinating.

The French have just brought out a line of colorings in the chrysanthemum, those soft colors that are just like sun and which they name le treble incarnat, or the red clover. All of the red-clover colorings, from the very faintest to the

richest and deepest, are represented, and exquisitely beautiful they are.

Elephant's Breath.

The new gray tints, from the softest pearl that looks almost like white down to a thick moleskin coloring, are very much in the van. There is one very fashionable color that is somewhat whimsically known as elephant's breath, and which is really and truly far nearer the color of an elephant's hide than what one might imagine his breath to be.

Both the clover and the elephant colorings are trimmed with embroideries in the dull, faded tones; and dyed lace is often used to supplement the other trimmings. The exact tint of the cloth must be reproduced, or the thing is a failure.

Robes Intimes.

There are some very fascinating features in dress which we are only just beginning to copy from the French, and one of them is the use of those informal garments which the clever Parisienne distinguishes as robes intimes. Family life in France is the extreme of informality, and for the late breakfast and for the family dinner madame—and mademoiselle as well, for that matter—indulges in those graceful and artistic garments that suggest, without entirely carrying out, the negligee idea.

To wear with the very dressy silk petticoats (the Parisienne perhaps spends more time and thought and money upon her lingerie than upon the most delightful and artistic coats or jackets, or whatever one chooses to call

them. The onesamo crepe de Chine, as the double widths have come to be called, is a mighty favorite for these for the necessary shirring, tucking and accordion plaiting can better be planned for and with less waste of material in the wide than in the narrow fabric.

The Accessories.

The yoke is really the foundation of those charming accessories to one's wardrobe; and this is covered up and concealed by a thousand and one clever devices in the trimming line. Their construction is so simple that even the veriest amateur in the dressmaking line can fashion them for herself. From the concealed yoke the full folds of the little jacket depend, and here it is shirred, tucked or accordion plaited; the length being regulated to suit the wearer. In accordance with the more formal fashions there is quite a fancy for the half and three-quarter lengths, and very graceful, if must be confessed, they look. Yards upon yards of lace are used for ruffling and edging; and the sleeves are just as elaborate as well may be, and of half or three-quarter length to match the coat.

The Sash.

Very often a sash of velvet ribbon of a tint that will harmonize or contrast with the crepe de Chine is threaded through the plaiting and tied in front

in a careless grace. It must hang loosely around the figure, just on the curve of the hip rather than the waist-line, and full tassels in jet beads or something of that order give a weight to the sash ends and hold the sash in place.

The Illustrations That Appear To-Day.

COLORS shirring and broderie anglaise appliques are the features of this model. The biscuit-colored crepe has yoke and plastron of the eyelot work and a bertha over the

shoulders in heavy Italian guipure. The shirred corsage drops into the deep belt without blousing. The sleeve is a full puff to the elbow, with an embroidered cuff, and the skirt is disposed with corded shirring over the hips, and three little ruffles headed with the same appear between knee and hem. Panels of embroidery are posed at intervals on the skirt, and the correct outline is attained with a Paquin flounce of haircloth on the drop skirt.

A Girlish Model.

The printed crepe de Chine are a late novelty, and veiled in tulle make the most delightful party frocks. There

is a separate yoke of shirred and tucked tulle and a bertha bebe waist of the crepe and tulle with deep sash of the former. The skirt is in three sections,

the upper one veiled with the net and the lower two flounces similarly treated with appliques of lace added. Brown silkenette makes this extremely



Yards Upon Yards of Material Needed for the New Gown—Fichus and Sashes an Especial Feature.

The New Mode Calls for the Graceful Draped Bodice.

stylish syndicate raincoat. The body portion is disposed in surplus folds, opening over a vest of cream cloth braided in brown. The sleeve is full, with the top arranged in crossed box pleats running to the collar band. The portion plaited to the hand is heavily pressed, and snug belt cleverly defines the waist.

Pedestrienne Costume.

For the tall and slender figure the long, fitted coat is especially indicated, and with the new vest effects is delightfully chic. The model is in a medium blueish shibbole, with braidings in black, the vest of fancy white pique forming a pleasing contrast. The coat is close fitted, the sleeve a loose tailor shape, with cuff and collar in white cloth braided, and the skirt is in wide, loose folds, cut to clear the ground all around, and finished with a facing of self-color velvet seen.

Coat with Waisteoat.

The loose coats, or, rather, those that define the curve of the figure in the side seams only, are deservedly favorites for the younger element of fashion. The model illustrated is in a navy-blue wool-text cheviot, with a vest of cream-colored cloth and braidings in black. The coat hangs loosely back and front, the yoke is straight, ending at the waistline, and the skirt has a narrow pleated band in each seam, and a braid-bound hem.

Some Novelties

Seen in the Shops.

PERA wraps of cream-colored silk renouance over tulle, with the edges all of shirred tulle.

Belt of soft leather with a butterfly buckle of chased copper in iridescent effect in the middle of the back. An elegant brown cloth costume has a jacket of yotta made with a full-tip skirt. It is fastened with four beautiful brown buttons over a white satin vest trimmed with heavy ecru lace. The skirt is made of plain brown yotta, while that in the skirt was mottled brown and white.

Felt picture hats, edged with white-crested chenille braid and trimmed with ostrich plumes, are very fashionable this year.

A green velvet poke-bonnet has the main portion of the brim made of Irish lace of a most elaborate design, the edge being of the velvet, which is sewn away beneath the lace. The crown, which is of velvet, is covered with the lace. The trimming consists of a bunch of Princes of Wales tips in green and chiffon tips.

A unique opera bag is made of suede. It has a tickle of the suede, and is attached to the outside, and a mirror which serves as a base to the bag. An ash tray is in the center, and the whole is made of cedar hands with the picture of the Presidential candidate in the center.

The Yale Boy's Darling



The Millionaire Detective Tells Why He Wishes to Kill Claude Calne—Scene in Capitol Grounds, Hartford.

A new and thrilling romantic serial, "The Sorceress," based upon Victorian Sardou's great play, in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell is to appear here, will begin in The Evening World of Thursday, Oct. 13.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Fay Belgrade's father, Judge Belgrade, died, leaving his property to his son, Claude Calne. Claude Calne, having stolen the judge's fortune, Charles Beckwith, a society detective, who has a grudge against Calne, learns of this theft and strives to prove it and to restore Fay's fortune. Calne, fearing Fay's death in order to check the investigation, kills her. Beckwith's nephew and a Yale student, becomes charged to Fay and vows vengeance against Calne. An attempt on Fay's life is made by a mysterious one-eyed man. Hereward nearly captures him in Stamford, but is baffled by a false telegram. There he again confronts the one-eyed man, who once more escapes him. Miles returns to Bridgeport, where he can find no trace of Fay, but where he is joined by Mark Floyd, who also loves Fay Belgrade. At New Haven the two men come together upon a girl whom both recognize as Fay. They return to Bridgeport, where they again lose sight of them. Fay's body lies in the Meriden morgue. Hereward recognizes the features of his dead fiancée, and starts on a quest for her. He comes to Hartford in search of Calne. "Tired and discouraged" Miles is sitting in the Capitol grounds when Fay Belgrade herself appears before him.

CHAPTER XI.
The Mystery of the Murdered Girl Explained—Beckwith Discloses the Secret of His Personal Desire to Hunt Claude Calne to the Death.

"WHY, MILES," said the girl in surprise, raising him to his feet. "How strangely you speak! Why should I be a ghost? It is barely forty-eight hours since you left us on the train. What harm could have befallen me? Mr. Beckwith and his sister have watched over me all the time."

Calne without in the very least understanding it, and checked the words he had been about to speak.
"The morning? At Meriden?" she asked. "Why, dear, I never was in Meriden in all my life, except to pass through on the train. How?"
"There seems to be a mistake of some sort," intervened Beckwith. "Perhaps I can explain. Miss Belgrade, do you see that very bright star in the west? Well, since you've placed yourself under my orders, will you kindly sit on that bench and gaze at that star for five minutes, while I talk with Miles? Thanks, so much."
The "Millionaire Detective" drew Hereward back out of hearing and the collegian turned on him with a flood of perplexed questions.
"One at a time, old man," suggested Beckwith, gently. "You're a bit overdone, and this reaction is too much for you. Brace up a bit and then ask your questions singly instead of in bunches. Now fire away."
"This morning at Meriden," said Hereward, trying to speak composedly, "I saw Fay Belgrade's dead body. Tonight I see her alive and well. I suppose," he went on, with half-hysterical irony, "I suppose it's a very simple matter to explain a thing like that, but I'll be grateful if you'll do it and save me from insanity."
Beckwith's face was very grave now, as read of that in the afternoon paper, he said. "I feared it yesterday, when some of my agents made their reports to me. The girl you saw this morning was not Fay Belgrade."
"But she had Fay's face and figure and when she spoke to me in New Haven yesterday she had Fay's very

voice, only coarser and less gentle. And in her body was found an old-fashioned brooch with the engraved name 'Belgrade' on the under side. Who was she?"
"Her name was Belgrade, Margaret Belgrade. She and Fay were sisters, twin sisters. Four years ago Margaret ran away from home to marry a man to whom her family very wisely objected. He deserted her and she went on the stage, defying thence into less reputable courses. The family never speaks her name. It was of her that Fay tried to tell you when you were accused to her. It was a sore subject and she naturally hesitated."
"I remember," said Miles eagerly, "and I wouldn't let her tell me because I saw how painful a topic it was with her. I wish now."
"It would certainly have saved much trouble, Calne and his accomplices bribed a factory girl named Hattie Schell to win Miss Belgrade's confidence, to lure her to some secluded spot and to place her at the mercy of the murderers. Hattie Schell knew Fay well by sight, having worked for a whole year in the same factory with her. But as the two girls had never associated with each other she knew nothing whatever of Fay's personality, voice or manner. Margaret happened to turn up, stranded, in Bridgeport. She had heard that Fay was working there and had come to beg money from her. On the way to the factory she met Hattie Schell, who was in search of Fay. Hattie naturally mistook Margaret for Fay, and, playing the part she had been paid to play, greeted her with effusion. Margaret saw at once that Hattie had mistaken her for her twin sister and, fancying she might profit by

the mistake, did not contradict her."
"Poor girl!" muttered Hereward.
"The two girls at once became chums, and Hattie suggested a little jaunt to New Haven, a trip through the college grounds and a supper at Savin Rock. They were joined by a one-eyed man, whom Hattie introduced as her brother, Hermann Schell. It was planned to murder the girl at Savin Rock; but the chance meeting with you and Floyd at New Haven caused a sudden change of plan. They went on to Meriden. Thither you followed them—too late!"
"But how do you know all this, sir?"
"From Hattie Schell. Our men captured her this afternoon as she was boarding the train for Springfield, where it had been planned that she should hide for a few weeks until the affair had time to blow over. She was defiant at first and wouldn't speak. But when she found that it was not really Fay whom she had come to death and that we had evidence enough to hang her she soon lost her nerve and confessed everything in the hope of obtaining mercy."
"But what is Fay doing here in Hartford? When I left you on the train at Stamford night before last you were taking her to Bridgeport."
"So I was. I had thought you and I could guard her safely there during the day or two it might take me to close the net I had been for months weaving about Claude Calne. I practically had proof that he had secreted the deeds, bonds, &c., comprising Judge Belgrade's property, and even that he had murdered the Judge."
"Murdered him? But Judge Belgrade shot himself."
"So it was believed, but I have proof to the contrary. I had been working

for a year on the case. To-day my agents acquired the final link of evidence. Well, when you vanished at Stamford I had to plan some better means of safety for Fay. I fancied Calne and his accomplices might have done away with you, and I feared that a chance shot or knife thrust in my own back would leave Fay alone and defenseless. So instead of letting off at Bridgeport I brought her on here to Hartford, where I put her in the care of my sister on Farmington avenue. Three plain-clothes policemen watch the house day and night. I learned from Hattie Schell that Calne and his one-eyed accomplice, Dugro, have separated and are in hiding. They have planned to meet at 9 to-night in an old house two miles beyond the city limits. There they will make final arrangements, disguise themselves and try to reach New York undetected. I have notified the police and we are going to surround the house and capture the murderers to-night. On the way back to my sister's I met your friend Mark Floyd. He told me of your absence in town and that you were to meet him here on this morning. I came here to see that you had arrived and then sought Fay to you."

"No. I have followed this trail too long and too hard to be willing to forego the joy of being in at the death. Now that I know Fay is safe, this old world becomes bearable once more, but the strain I've been under, the suspense and then the unspeakable agony of the past day have gotten such a hold on my nerves and my mind that I think I'd go crazy if I had to sit quiet while the climax of it all is enacted. Besides, though I now lack my first wild impulse for these men's death, yet Dugro has slipped from between my fingers twice in the past two days and I mean to make sure of him this time."
"But if you and Floyd and I go there to-night with the police we go merely as spectators. The police will make the capture. We shall simply see the work. That is all."
"Did you ever play football, sir?"
"No," answered Beckwith in some surprise, "what has that to do with it?"
"Just this: A man bucks the line. It seems impossible he should get through that organized mass of men who oppose him. But a dodge to the right, a duck to the left, a wriggle then and a plunge through the crowd and he's sometimes free of them and running unchecked down the field. Then it is that same player who has been at a distance from the scrimmage and who, for the moment, has been what you just called merely a spectator, sees his opportunity and is able to 'down' the man whom a half dozen men together had not been able to stop. Do you see my point? One or both of these men we are seeking may break

through the meshes of the police's human net. And if that happens—well, my trip out there won't have been for nothing."
"Perhaps you're right," agreed the detective. "We'll soon know. In a few minutes it will be time to start."
"Good," commented Hereward, briefly, and started to return to where Miss Belgrade sat awaiting the end of the conference.
Beckwith laid a hand on his arm. "Remember!" he cautioned. "Fay knows nothing of her sister's death. There will be plenty of time to break the news to her later. When the murderer is brought to justice she may bear the grief more easily."
"Who actually committed the murder? Whose was the hand that thrust Margaret Belgrade over the cliff and struck her across the face as she struggled for life?"
"Hattie Schell says it was Dugro."
"That must be a lie! The hand that struck Margaret was a left hand. Dugro has but one arm—the right."
Beckwith smiled strangely. "You will understand all about that when you see Dugro to-night," he said. "His one was enigmatical, but there was that in it which forbade Hereward to press the question further. Deeply wondering, he gazed into his uncle's inscrutable, musklike face."
A question he had long desired to ask came to Miles's lips. Hesitating for an instant in the fear of seeming over-inquisitive toward this man who had saved his life and fortune, he at length summoned sufficient courage to speak.
"Would you mind telling me, sir," said he, awkwardly, "what you meant that day in New York when you came between me and Claude Calne and told me that when the hour was ripe it must be your hand and not mine that inflicted the punishment?"
Beckwith hesitated. Then, moved by

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some unaccustomed impulse of sympathetic commiseration, he spoke, each word, disjoined sentence, seemingly forming a part of a heart that was reluctant to betray its life secret.
"There was a girl. She loved me—and was engaged to marry me. This was years ago. Many, many years, while life was still worth living. She was beautiful and as innocent as the ways of any child. We were devotedly happy, she and I—while it lasted."
He paused. Miles hesitated in wonder that such words should be spoken by the weary unemotional man who had always seemed so far removed from the ordinary emotions and sentiments of the life.
"Claude Calne was a penniless young man at those days," continued Beckwith presently. "It was before Judge Belgrade took him up. Calne had been a classmate of mine at Yale and had always pretended to like me. In fact, we were chums. I was well to do. He was poor. I managed somehow to make his lot a bit easier—to smooth away financial bothers from his path—and I introduced him into a good set. He had money in his own right, but he had no money in his heart. He was a life."
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"The letter he gave her was not mine, but a forgery cleverly constructed by himself. He gave it to her. It was presumably in my handwriting and was a plea to her to release me from our engagement. It was the sort of a letter that a man would write to a girl when he had no other explanation. Her pride, poor child, led her to clope with Calne before I returned to America. They were married. She had money in her own right, but less than a year Calne had squandered it. Then he beat her, told her the truth about the letter that had broken our betrothal and deserted her. She was dying in utter poverty—when I found her."
"Now, perhaps, you can understand why I have followed Claude Calne these years, with one aim—his destruction. Perhaps you can understand why my hand, and mine alone, must make his punishment. The dear ghost, whose eyes have long been closed, would have turned in his grave at the thought of me when she and I at last met if I had let her acquit myself well in the work we have before us this night."
"Come!" cried Hereward hoarsely. "Let us delay no more. You have a long score to settle with Calne."
(To Be Continued.)